

The Evening World

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The Bitter Cry.

Is it inevitable that sudden wealth should bring about a moral breakdown? The recent examples of the Pittsburg steel kings seems to point that way. The Corey divorce brings out this bitter comment from the uncle of the Steel Trust's head:

There was never occasion for putting such a young man at the head of the big combine. Ellis lost his head there and has wrought his own ruin. It was practically the same case with Charlie Schwab. The man who puts young men in such a position does an irreparable damage, and this is what Carnegie did.

It is often urged that the moral consciousness, in order to be preserved needs to be exercised. Some one has said that the only true repentance is not for evil done but for opportunities neglected—opportunities that were pleasurable rather than moral. It is hard to behave—especially after a long period of enforced goodness.

The man who had the terrapin appetite and the corned-beef salary is apt to expand if he gets the price.

The learned Prof. Brander Mathews, of Columbia University, once remarked that all the things he really liked were either "expensive, indigestible or immoral."

It is sad! Is it so?

But really, Pittsburg—what is the matter with Pittsburg? Nature did much for her. Made her superb site at the head of navigation. Trilled to her the mountain watercourses. Broke for her passes eastward through the hills. Filled those hills with iron and coal.

Then man took a hand. The Government by tariff arranged that all the rest of us should help Pittsburg with our money. Pillars of fire by night and smoke by day rose to show where the gnomes of lamp and pick and crucible make wealth for her. Consolidation turns privilege into magic "capital" and produces a group of sudden millionaires that dwarf the dreary mining kings of the Rand.

What are they good for? Their young men give "beauty dinners" for the contempt of cynical Paris, and their young women barter for the worst specimens of foreign nobility, and their middle-aged folks grow tired of the wives and husbands of their honest youth and poverty and plunge into all manner of folly.

Was it worth while for Nature and all the rest of us to do so much for just such a Pittsburg?

A Noble Philanthropist.

Not until it had the confession from his own lips before the insurance investigating committee was the public aware of the great debt of gratitude it owes Mr. Thomas F. Ryan.

It was to prevent a panic that he bought the Equitable—to save innumerable rainy-day funds and protect little household hoards which the control of these millions of trust funds by hands less conservative than his would have endangered.

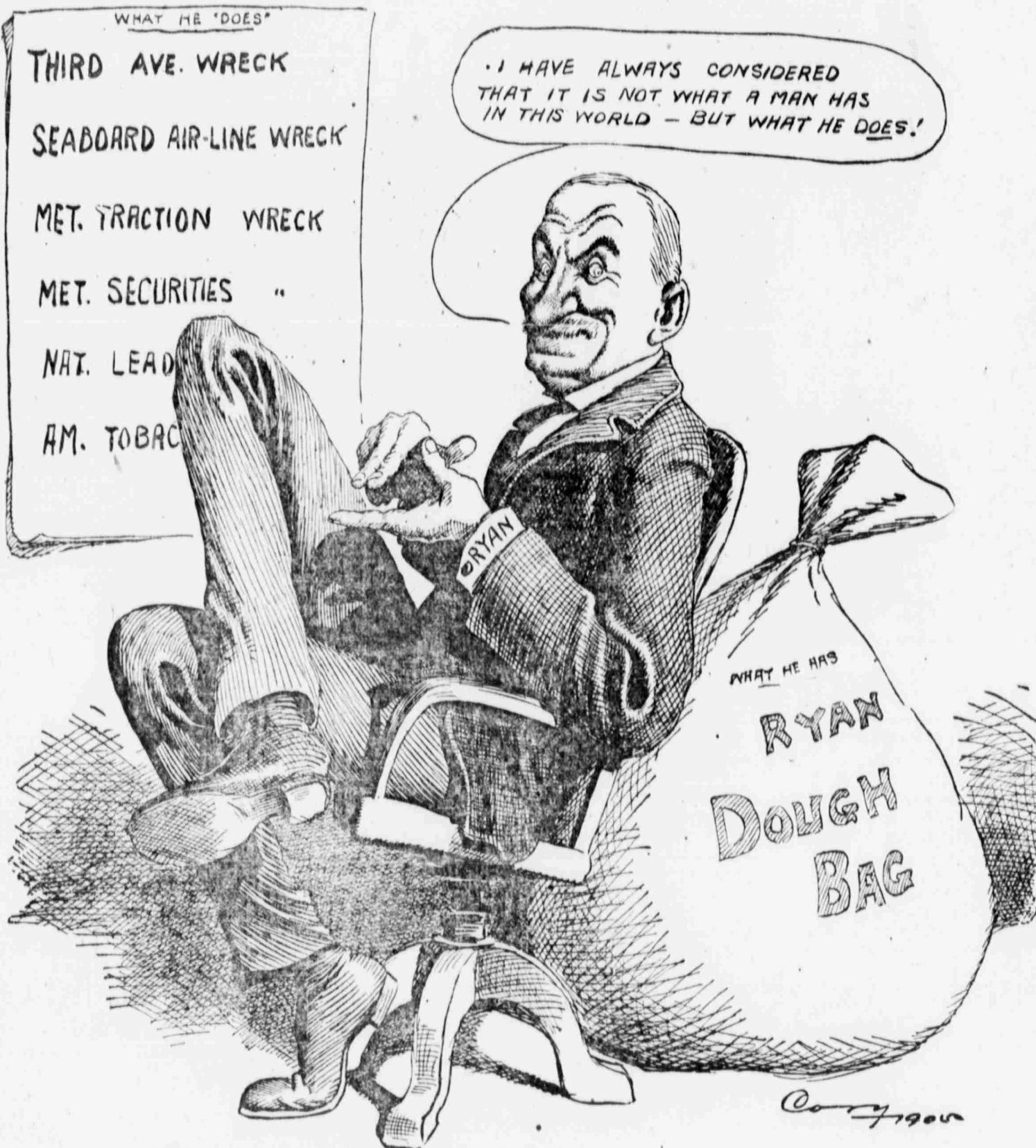
Others were ready for selfish considerations to relieve Mr. Hyde of his stock at a price said to be higher than that Mr. Ryan paid for it. But with a spirit of self-sacrifice which does him lasting honor he interfered to defeat their evil designs.

The thoroughness of Mr. Ryan's benevolence is indicated by the fact that he chose to play the part of public benefactor alone. He magnanimously refused to let Mr. Harriman in. He declined the help of "certain policy-holders" who stood ready to share the burden. By his own admission he "had no purpose of benefiting himself or his own interests." It was only that he did not want to give the "others" a chance to use the policy-holders' millions unscrupulously.

It was a supreme act of philanthropy, a glowing deed in an atmosphere of chicanery, deceit and dishonesty, for which Mr. Ryan merits infinite credit.

Known by His Works

By J. Campbell Cory.



Letters from the People

Yes, in 1880, Hewitt and George. To the Editor of The Evening World: Did Theodore Roosevelt ever run for Mayor of New York? If so, when? Who were the other nominees?
N. MELHINNEY.

For Unruly Daughters. To the Editor of The Evening World: The letter signed "Mother" asking advice how to care for an unruly daughter is very pathetic; she should reason with the girl, but she could not give the right kind of instruction probably, as the case shows that in fourteen years the girl has constantly been growing worse. Government charge of children could never be as bad as these cases. There are thousands of boys and girls ruined by thoughtless mothers. Such girls should be sent to live with

some good teacher woman who would make a friend and companion of them, give up her whole time and affection and command the girls' respect and esteem.
A. H. P.

No. To the Editor of The Evening World: The question has been asked: "Is there a national holiday in the United States?" and your answer given is "No." What about the Fourth of July? Is that not one?
K. C.

Husbands and Dogs. To the Editor of The Evening World: I read in your paper an interview about babes and dogs, by an estimable lady. The article is fine, just my sentiments, except the unnecessary rap at the "men" in it. Why is the lady so unkind to us poor fellows? Does she

think all men are mutes like the dogs she writes about? What is a woman anyhow? The Lord took from Adam one of his ribs (I think it was a "short rib") and made him a wife. Women, therefore, are a sort of modern invention, so to speak; one of the three great means of communication—Telegraph, Telephone, Tell-a-woogie etc.
MATT. GEOGHAN.

"Milk Sop" vs. "Rum Sop." To the Editor of The Evening World: I am interested in "Country Boy" whose friends call him names for not drinking. Far better, "Country Boy," to be called, "Milk Sop" than "Rum Sop." How do you expect to live up to your principles if you take to drink? You ought to be thankful that you have a mother to advise you in the right direction. Your mother is your best

friend. Do as she wishes every time, and don't be late to drink by men who would only laugh at you when you made a fool of yourself; as they did at me.
J. B.

More About the New York Men. To the Editor of The Evening World: I deeply regret to be compelled to run down members of my own sex, but I must speak about New York men. I am a business man and come in contact with all classes from the millionaire to the beggar. I find New York men greatly deficient in courtesy and respect toward women. I come from a State where the word "woman" is enough to gain respect, much less the term "lady." The majority are worthy and so should they be respected, but the only in one city but in every corner of the land.
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Answers to Questions

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NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By I. S. COBB.

YOU awaken suddenly with the conviction that a 'coon-dog has trod a wood-chuck in your largest jaw-tooth and is trying to dig him out by the roots. So you go over on the avenue to the dentist, clutching your resolution with both hands tightly to keep it from seeping between your fingers.

The gentlemanly but sneaky operator in the front parlor of the establishment of Drs. Brinn & Barrett wads your palpitating person into the red-plush chair of a chair, which is decorated on one side with a lot of open plumbing and on the other with an outfit of small butchers' tools.

The operator stretches your mouth until your face looks like an open valve, and, posing a croquet needle with a stinger on the end of it, abruptly plunges it into the cavity where the woodchuck lives. What you say depends upon whether you play prayer-meeting or poker as the one best bet.

The operator says "Tut, tut!" admonishing you that it didn't hurt at all; it was only your imagination. You would suggest to him the advisability of giving your imagination ether, but he is busy calling to the operator at the next chair. He is telling the other operator that here is one of the most attractive instances of an exposed, triple-ulcerated nerve he ever had the pleasure of finding. He harpoons the nerve through the head with a nail pick and pulls it out of its lair about two inches for the other expert to see. The nerve wraps its legs around a snag and hangs on and he tries to beat its brains out with a small hammer.

When you come out of the swoon you find the inside of your face cluttered up with props. The operator has hung a rubber drop-curtain across the proscenium arch to keep you from seeing what is going on behind your own scenes, and is rigging the stage as an interior view of a surgical ward. From this you may gather that the tooth is about to be filed. He mixes several drugs, all tasting worse than each other, and applies the product lavishly. He puts his left thumb inside as far as the wrist and starts to dispossess the nerve with a jig-saw rigged on a turning lathe. You try to call his attention to the fact that you fear the brand of soap he washes his hands with isn't going to agree with you, but the remark is retarded by three fingers of a comparative stranger and it sounds like the last pint of suds in a sink.

"Exactly," says he. "Reminds me of a cute thing my sister's little girl said last week. Or was it the week before? Anyway she said—don't keep jerking your head that way! It makes me forget—Mamma," she said.

Recovering, you find excavating at a standstill. For the tooth has blown up with a loud cry. The operator has now decided it needed pulling in the first place. He is grieved that a tooth which seemed so open should have deceived him.

He uses gas puffers and wire cutters first, but harvests only sections of the gum. So he takes a steel opener, and removes the remaining foundations from the recent site, incidentally bringing along all the nerve ganglions north of the floating ribs. He then collects stumps and other fixed charges and rings for an ambulance.

THE FUNNY PART.

Modern dentistry is acknowledged to be painless.

Science Notes.

CARRIER pigeons released during the recent eclipse of the sun in Europe seemed much puzzled by the darkness. Some of them started off in the direction opposite from that in which their cote lay. When, however, the eclipse had nearly ceased other pigeons took the right direction at once. The flight of several of the birds was most eccentric. They first ascended to a great height and then descended on the roofs, to mount again soon afterward, describing huge curves in space, alternating with extraordinary zigzags and dizzy plunges.

Camille Flammarion has been making experiments in Paris to see whether the moon exerts any influence upon the growth of plants, according to the legend, says the Chicago News. He made different sets of plantings at dates which corresponded to the different phases of the moon, using peas, beets, carrots, potatoes, beans and many other vegetables of the ordinary kinds. The results were extremely variable and no fixed rule seemed to govern them. The plants appeared at periods which had no connection with the moon's phases.

Because of the growing scarcity of timber matches are now being made of paper, rolled spirally and dipped in wax or stearine, which prevents unrolling and gives rigidity. The roll is cut into lengths, which are then dipped in the phosphorus composition. The matches are said to burn well.

Thumbnail Sketches.

SUBJECT—Czar Nicholas.
Favorite sport—Digging bomb-proof.
Favorite task—Singing lullabies.
Favorite book—"The Simple Life."
Favorite author—Mrs. Winslow.
Favorite artist—Gen. Trepoff.
Favorite fruit—The Siberian crab.
Favorite plant—The poppy.
Favorite vehicle—The samarra.
Favorite musical instrument—The baby rattle.
Favorite character in history—The Artful Dodger.

set or sets of shelves, and this is done by strips nailed on the back. After this is done it becomes an easy matter to fit the shelves to the books, and the bookcase economy may be used in the first place, or, if the second is only of good quality, it will be found to be a very good thing.

Curtains to suit the fancy will crown the work and across the books from dust, and may be of silk or of any material which is suitable and pretty.

Do not imagine because you have built these shelves that they are in any sense inferior, for if the work is carefully done, they will be found to be as good as any shelves you can buy, and they will be found to be as good as any shelves you can buy, and they will be found to be as good as any shelves you can buy.

When Mr. Ryan was their leader, who knew that my husband was in the train. "No, my husband was in the train."

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CURLY

WONDERFULLY SPIRITED AND INTERESTING. A LIVING ROMANCE OF WILD NATIVES AND WIDE DISTANCES. A Tale of the Arizona Desert. By Roger Pocock

(Copyright, 1905, by Little, Brown & Co.)
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: "Chalky" Davis, a cowboy, rescued Lord Baltham and the latter's son, Billy, from the hands of the Apaches in Arizona. Baltham, who is on his way to take up a ranch, has been wounded by the Indians.

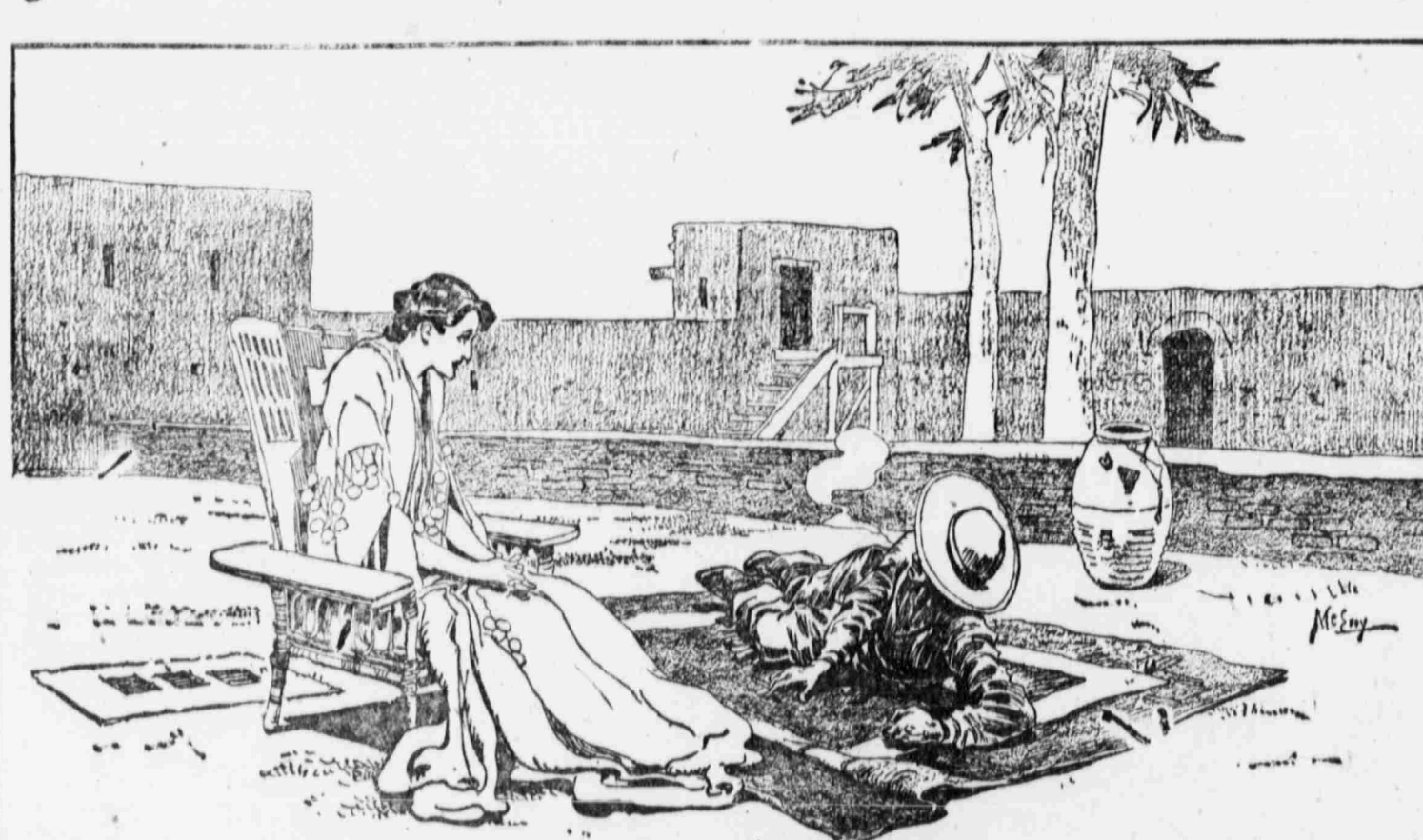
CHAPTER III.
At Holy Cross Ranch.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The walls of Holy Cross ranch stand stark from the top of a hill on the naked desert; and in all the enormous length and breadth of this old fortress there is no door or window to invite attack. At each of the four corners stands a bastion covered by a low wall, and in the north wall low towers defend the entrance, which is a tunnel through the buildings barred by massive doors and commanded by loopholes for riflemen. The house is built of sun-dried bricks, the ceilings of heavy beams supporting a flat roof of earth.

As one enters the first courtyard one sees that the buildings on the right are divided up into a number of little houses for the riders and their families; in front is the gate of the stable court, on the left are the chapel and the dining-hall, and in the middle of the square there is a well. Through the dining-hall on the left one enters the little court with its pool covered with water-lilies and lotus plants and surrounded by an arcade which is covered by creeping plants, abaze with flowers. The private rooms open upon this cloister, big, cool and dark, forming a little palace within the fortress walls. Such is the old Hacienda Santa Cruz which Lord Baltham had bought from his father Don Luis Barrios.

From the beginning I saw no sign and smelt no whiff of danger either of Apaches or of Mr. Ryan. When Baltham was able to ride I gave him Ryan's letter, watched him read it quietly, but got nary word from him. He looked up from the letter, smiling at my grim face.

"Chalky," said he, "couldn't you have a rabbit for Jim to play with?" He and the kids and me used to play together like babes and Jim was sure to come with us men for being too



"No, lady, this is a man's game, called wari!"

There was space enough to handle cavalry and a wide outlook across the desert. There we had lie-down chairs, rugs and cushions, and after dinner, when the day's work was done, we would sit watching the sunset, the red afterglow, the rich of night come up in the east, the big stars wheeling slowly until it was sleep-time. But when the boy was at college, and the boss away from home, there was only Lady Baltham and me to share the long evenings.

"Billy," she said once, for she never would call me Chalky, "Billy, do you know that I'm dying?"

"Yes, mum, and me, too; but I don't reckon to swim a river till I reach the brink."

"My feet are in the water, Billy now."

"I wouldn't hurry, mum. It may be Heaven beyond, or it may be—"